Ro. VVhat Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser, I know not ſir.
Ro, O ſhe doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a ſnowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes:
The meaſure done, Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.
Did my heart loue till now, forſweare it ſight,
For I nere ſaw true beauty till this night.
Tib, This by his voice, ſhould be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the ſlaue
Come hether couerd with an antique face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Capu. VVhy how now kinsman wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague* our foe:
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnitie this night.
Capu. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouernd youth,
I would not for the welth of all this towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,

Ile

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He ſhall be endured.
What goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, go too,
Am I the maiſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a mutinie among my gueſts:
You will ſet cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. VVhy vncle, tis a ſhame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a ſawcy boy, iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you I know what,
You muſt contrary me, marry tis time,
VVell ſaid my hearts, you are a princox, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with willfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw but this intruſion ſhal
Now ſeeming ſweete, conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſin is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pylgrims did ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſſe.
Iu. Good Pilgrime you do wrong your hand too much
VVhich mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For ſaints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands doe tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pra y (grant thou) leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iu. Saints doe not moue, though grant for prayers ſake.
Ro. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my ſin is purgd.
Iu. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, O treſpas ſweetly vrgd:

Giue